

AN INTERVIEW WITH BEATRICE FETTIC JONES:

A CONTRIBUTION TO A SURVEY OF LIFE IN CARSON VALLEY, FROM FIRST SETTLEMENT THROUGH THE 1950S

Interviewee: Beatrice Fetic Jones

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Description

Genoa, the oldest town in Nevada, developed astride the Carson River route that was followed by emigrants to California in the 1850s. The first who chose to make Carson Valley their destination took up land in the vicinity of the trail, north and south of Genoa. Among the earliest settlers in the valley were Israel and Eliza Mott, who arrived with a party of Mormons in 1852. They gave their name to Mottsville, a small community contiguous to the Mott holdings south of Genoa.

Beatrice Fetic Jones was born in 1909 on the Buckeye ranch where her father was employed. She is a great-granddaughter of Israel and Eliza Mott and a granddaughter of Frank Fetic, who arrived in Genoa in 1872. Mr. Fetic purchased Genoa's oldest bar in 1884, renaming it Fetic's Exchange. When she entered the Genoa school at age seven, Beatrice Fetic Jones lived with her Fetic grandparents during the school year. Her observations on Fetic's Exchange, its renowned proprietor, and the people and buildings of Genoa are significant contributions to the historical record.

Mrs. Jones describes people, events, and structures associated with life in the Mottsville-Genoa area of Carson Valley, concentrating on the period of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Drawing on personal experience and on information handed down through the family, Mrs. Jones provides the reader with several vignettes illustrative of relations among the dominant European settlers and the various ethnic minorities who shared the valley: Washoe Indians, black Americans and Chinese. In addition there is a discussion of the Hansen and Park sawmill, a steam-driven operation that was located in Taylor Canyon from 1907 through 1909. Mrs. Jones and her husband were related to several of the participants in this venture.

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An Oral History Conducted by R.T. King
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University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

ORIGINAL PREFACE

The University of Nevada oral History Program (OHP) engages in systematic interviewing of persons who can provide firsthand descriptions of events, people and places that give history its substance. The products of this research are the tapes of the interviews and their transcriptions.

In themselves, oral history interviews are not history. However, they often contain valuable primary source material, as useful in the process of historiographical synthesization as the written sources to which historians have customarily turned. Verifying the accuracy of all of the statements made in the course of an interview would require more time and money than the Clip's operating budget permits. The program can vouch that the statements were made, but it cannot attest that they are free of error. Accordingly, oral histories should be read with the same prudence that the reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries and other sources of historical information.

It is the policy of the OHP to produce transcripts that are as close to verbatim

as possible, but some alteration of the text is generally both unavoidable and desirable. When human speech is captured in print the result can be a morass of tangled syntax, false starts and incomplete sentences, sometimes verging on incoherency. The type font contains no symbols for the physical gestures and the diverse vocal modulations that are integral parts of communication through speech. Experience shows that totally verbatim transcripts are often totally unreadable and therefore a total waste of the resources expended in their production. While keeping alterations to a minimum the OHP will, in preparing a text:

- a. generally delete false starts, redundancies and the uhs, ahs and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled;

- b. occasionally compress language that would be confusing to the reader in unaltered form;

- c. rarely shift a portion of a transcript to place it in its proper context; and

- d. enclose in [brackets] explanatory information or words that were not uttered

but have been added to render the text intelligible.

There will be readers who prefer to take their oral history straight, without even the minimal editing that occurred in the production of this text; they are directed to the tape recording.

Copies of all or part of this work or the tape recording from which it is derived are available from:

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INTRODUCTION

Genoa, the oldest town in Nevada, developed astride the Carson River route followed by emigrants to California in the 1850's. The first who chose to make Carson Valley their destination took up land in the vicinity of the trail, north and south of Genoa. Among the earliest settlers in the valley were Israel and Eliza Mott, who arrived with a party of Mormons in 1252- They gave their name to Mottsville, a small community contiguous with the Mott holdings to the south of Genoa. In this 1984 interview Beatrice Fettic Jones discusses people, structures and events associated with life in the Mottsville-Genoa area of Carson Valley, concentrating on the period of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Mrs. Jones was born in 1909 on the Buckeye Ranch where her father was employed. She is a great-granddaughter of Israel and Eliza Mott and a granddaughter of Frank Fettic, who arrived in Genoa in 1872. Mr. Fettic purchased Genoa's oldest bar in 1884, renaming it Fettic's Exchange. When she entered the

Genoa school at age 7, Beatrice Fettic Jones lived with her Fettic grandparents during the school year. Her observations on Fettic's Exchange, its renowned proprietor, and the people and buildings of Genoa are significant contributions to the historical record.

Drawing on personal experience and on information handed down through the family, Mrs. Jones provides the reader with several vignettes illustrative of relations among the dominant European settlers and the various ethnic minorities who shared the valley: Washo Indians, black Americans and Chinese. In addition there is a discussion of the Hansen and Park sawmill, a steam driven operation that was located in Taylor Canyon from 1907 through 1909. Mrs. Jones and her husband were related to several of the participants in this venture. A family photograph of the mill, reproduced in these Paiutes, is rich in visual information. The reader desiring additional information about the Hansen and Park sawmill is directed to the Arnold Trimmer volume in this series.



BEATRICE FETTIC JONES
1984

AN INTERVIEW WITH BEATRICE FETTIC JONES

R. T. King: Tell me what you can remember of your grandparents. Why don't we start with your grandparents on your mother's side; first with their names, if you can remember them.

Bea Jones: My mother's mother was Harriet Greer, and I just remember her as an elderly lady. She used to come to Carson Valley every summer and stay with my mother and father through the summer, and then she'd go back to her little home in Diamond Springs, or she'd go to Sacramento to stay with her oldest daughter during the winter. Grandma came in when the V & T [Virginia & Truckee Railroad] first came to Minden. She'd ride the V & T, and my father'd go over and pick her up and bring her to our house.¹

I don't remember my mother's father because he passed away when my mother was 18 years old.

Did your mother ever talk about him?

Yes. He was from Ireland. He had crossed the plains twice. The second time he went

back, he put my grandmother and their little son on a boat, and they came down the Mississippi River. They crossed the Isthmus of Panama on donkeys; they boarded a ship again and came up to San Francisco, and my grandfather met her. They settled in Freeport, California, just south, I guess, of Sacramento.

We don't have your grandfather's name established yet.

Andrew Greer. He had a brother, Erskine Greer, that came about the same time. He and his family were always involved in politics, and they had a ranch out of Sacramento.

My grandfather was a bootmaker and shoemaker, and he made many boots for the people in the area. My grandmother did most all of the work of taking care of the family; she had 8 children, of which my mother was the youngest. She said that she used to get pork, and she would smoke it under a barrel for wintertime. She would get the salmon from the Chinese—there were a lot of Chinese people—and she would smoke the salmon,

or she'd put it down in salt brine and put it in the jars. My mother said that Grandma would tell them that they could go play after school with some of the neighbors, and they had to go sort of down through a little field from the house. Grandpa's shop was right there, and if he'd see them cutting across to go visit, he'd take the strap that he held his shoe-making lasts down with and go get them and make them go home [laughs] because he didn't believe in the kids being off visiting.

When did your grandmother come to California?

It had to be in the 1850s, because Grandpa came first in '49.

He was a forty-niner, a gold rush person?

Yes, he came across as a gold rush person. Then he went back, and then he came again. But the time that went by, I have no idea.

After my mother's father passed away, then my mother and Grandma moved to Diamond Springs. I still see the house up on the hill if I ride the bus to Sacramento and they go into Diamond Springs, I can look on the hill. The hills in Diamond Springs are very steep. You'd just look down over the cliff when you came down over the side, and it was very steep.

When was your mother born?

Eighteen eighty-two.

And her name was...?

Alma Belle Greer. She had surgery in Sacramento on her neck and it didn't heal as it should, so she came to stay with her sister,

who had moved up here. They lived at Van Sickle Station, and her brother-in-law worked for the Dangbergs.

Out on the Buckeye ranch?

No, probably the Dangberg Home Ranch.

Your mother came here in order to heal front surgery, and it was felt that the climate here was superior to...?

Yes...that the dry climate here would do it.

She came here about when?

Probably 1904, because she and my dad were married in 1907. She would have been here 2 or 3, maybe 4 years, before my dad and she were married. I just don't know how long.

Then my father and my mother were married in 1907. My father with my mother's sister's family and my father's cousin, Clara Fountain—she was a descendant of the Motts—leased land out at Buckeye from the Dangbergs.

Tell me about your father's grandparents. What were their names?

My father's grandmother was Eliza Middaugh Mott. She came from Canada first down to Keokuk, Iowa, and there she met my father's grandfather, Israel Mott. I believe she was 13 years old when she came into the United States. I don't know much about her life before then, but she and the Hiram Motts came from Canada down into Keokuk, Iowa. His grandmother and grandfather were married there. Then in 1850 they left there by wagon train with the rest of the Mott family

and came to American Fork, Utah. They stayed there one winter, and she had her oldest child there in April. She left her 1 month old son Warren with her in-laws, and they came on to Carson Valley. They arrived here in July, 1852, just about 10 days after Reese.²

They were Mormons?

The men were, but I don't know much of the Mormon faith.. we don't know it in our time. I think maybe the men were when they first came here, but they soon dropped it.

They came here in 1852. when were your father's mother and father born, then?

Well, my grandmother wasn't born until 1862.. She's just 20 years older than my father. My grandfather came here—Grandfather Feticc, my father's father—in 1875. He opened a stable in Genoa, but he soon sold it out to the Raycrafts. Then he went to Canada to visit his relatives and friends, and then he came back here in....

Eighteen eighty-three?

Yes. But that's when he bought the bar, and he bought a blacksmith shop.

Both of them in Genoa?

Yes. He married my grandmother in 1881, and they run the Sheridan Hotel and Bar for 2 years.

So your grandmother was born in 1862, you say?

Yes. She was married when she was 18 years old.

And her name was...?

Cerissa Mott, and she married Frank Feticc.

Do you know anything about how Frank Feticc decided to come to Nevada?

He came to Aurora, and he got there in 1872. Genoa was not far away and it was quite a booming town, so he said he got on the stage and he came to Genoa. He stayed at the White House, which was owned by the Rices in Genoa, for some time until he accepted a job driving stage from Carson City to Aurora. When he got tired of that, he came back to Genoa in 1875, and he went to driving stage to Silver Mountain from Genoa.. Then he started a business of his own, as I said, and then he sold it to Raycraft; and then when he came back, he drove between Genoa and Markleeville. That's where he met my grandmother, because she said she used to come out to the gate with a glass of buttermilk for him! [laughter] They were married, and they moved to Genoa. They lived in the same house all of their life;³ they had 6 children, and my grandmother passed away in that house; so did my grandfather.

You knew both of them pretty well, didn't you?

Oh, yes. When I was small, after we moved from the Buckeye area Dangberg ranches, my father [Eugene Frank Feticc] bought a ranch that was about 4 miles from Genoa, or maybe less than that.. about 2½. We went to Grandma and Grandpa's every Sunday, and we always had lunch with them. Grandpa always came up from the bar. I really didn't know my grandfather very well until I stayed with them and went to school. But Grandpa

always came in very quietly; he sat down and ate his lunch, and he always talked to us, and he always had some money to give us. He usually had a dollar for each one of us [chuckles] We'd leave in the afternoon and go home in time to do the chores.

My uncle owned the general merchandise store in Genoa, which had belonged to Johnson; and I think some of the old sign is still up on the store—the paint has just lasted— it's the Masonic building there in Genoa. We always went down there, and of course, got candy and cookies. That was quite a treat on Sunday. [chuckles]⁴

My father wouldn't let me go to school until I was 7 years old. I was 7 in July, and I started school in September. They would leave me on Sunday afternoon, and my father always came and got me Friday after school. If he wasn't there, I knew there was something real wrong that he didn't come after me because he always had to have me home. I'd go home over the weekend, and I was always a tomboy; I was always right at my father's heels. I can remember before I went to school, as a small girl, he'd always call me "Bill." [laughs]

I stayed with my grandmother. My brother was 5 years younger than I, and when he started school I got typhoid fever. So he was with my grandparents until that October. Then my father sold the ranch, and we moved up to Genoa. Then, of course, I lived with my parents until I graduated ...well, until I was married.

When was your father born?

He was born February 25, 1882 in Mottsville. My mother was born August 13, 1882. My grandfather was born September 18, 1847 in Hawtry, Canada—my Grandfather Fetic.

The Fetics and the Motts, were they acquainted with one another before...?

No. And I don't believe that my grandmother knew my grandfather's sister. That's the only person that I ever heard them speak about: Barbara Fetic—that was Grandpa's sister—and they lived in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Grandpa and Grandma went back to visit them, I would say, in 1923. We had quite a time getting Grandpa to go because he was afraid if something happened to him, it wouldn't leave enough money for Grandma to live on. I think that was his excuse, because Grandpa never went out of town...only on a dire emergency! [laughing]

Grandpa's sister's son came out here to visit—Charlie Pfennig—one year. Grandpa's sister married Mr. Pfennig. They had a big merchandise and feed store in Kenosha. I found a book that they had sent them; it was some kind of a big celebration, and it was old. I didn't know any of the Pfennigs' addresses, but I did send it to the historical society back there, and they were real happy to have its

Let's return now to the early part of this century. Your mother and father have met one another. Did you tell me how they met?

My mother said when she came to Carson Valley, she was engaged. But they went by the Mott ranch one day and she saw my father sitting in the barn door, and she thought, "That's my husband." She broke her engagement with the man that she was going to marry, and then she met my dad afterwards. [laughs]

And they were married when?

They were married in September, 1907.

Then you were born when?

I was born in 1909, July 21.

There were several buildings that were located in Genoa that are no longer there. Before we get to those buildings, why don't we get to some that are still there that you know a little bit about. The Fetic Exchange, which is now the Genoa Bar. Can you start to tell me everything you know about the Fetic Exchange—about the construction of it and the use that it was put to, who owned it and when?

My grandfather bought it from Livingston in 1883. Of course, they had liquor and we weren't allowed to go in the bar. But when we did, I remember my grandfather had a lot of antiques; he had a lot of rocks with gold and silver in them. He had 2 cases—they were glass cases—and they were all filled with different little things. If someone would give him something, he would put it in these. It had a pool table that was very nice. Rufus Adams has it now; my grandmother sold it to him after she was going to sell the building. It had one of those old music boxes that run with the metal cylinder, and it stood quite high; I guess maybe 5 feet. The bar still had the back glass, and I remember the railing and the spittoons.

In front of the bar, there was a big water trough where people watered their horses, and there was a hitching rack on one side where they could tie them. The water ran there all the time. A pipe came from up in the canyon, and the water came down to the bar, and then it was forced back up to the house. You'd see Grandpa out there every day. Of course, in the early times he had cleanup men, and they did all of that; but after Prohibition my grandfather bought about 10 cord of wood

every winter and kept a fire for all his cronies. That's where he went every day. He'd go home and have his lunch, and then he'd go back down....

Back down to the bar? Even though it wasn't a bar any more?

Yes, yes. Then they'd play cards in there, you know. I remember he had an old miner on the bar—my grandfather or my uncle got that. It was an old man with a sack over his back, and it had a hole in the sack and a mouse on it.

Was it a carved statue or something?

Yes, it was carved. He had 2 glass domes. They had like silk flower arrangements inside of them, and there was one of those on each end of the bar. Then there was a big clock that always ticktocked and always fascinated me; it was quite long, and it hung on the wall. We could always see that. We could tell whether we had a little time before we went around the corner to go up to Grandma's, because we could just look up through the window from the outside and see the clock.

The stove was a big stove, and it had a rail around it. The men'd sit in these big chairs and lean back and put their feet up, so they could keep them warm. Grandpa always took a sprinkling can, and every morning, winter and summer, the floor got sprinkled, and then he'd sweep it up. I often wondered how he kept from catching cold.

What was the floor made of? Was it a wooden plank floor?

Wooden plank floor, yes. He had 2 engraved pictures in there. They were

beautiful. They were steel engravings, and one was a stag at bay, and the other was a deer and wolves, too. They were the matching pictures.

Was it called Fetic's Exchange throughout its entire life when your grandfather owned it?

Yes, on the top of the building there was a long sign, and it was just black, and it had Fetic's Exchange.

Are there any photographs of the interior of Fetic's Exchange that are in existence?

Not that we have. My grandpa had really a nice collection of photographs of old buildings and things around town, and someone borrowed them from my grandmother to take to Carson to make copies. Before she got them back, he passed away, and she never did get them. There was a sack of them.

Do you know who this person was? The name of the person?

Yes, my uncle Ed's wife's sister's husband is who it was that borrowed them. His wife had been gone many years, and Aunt Jenny raised her 2 nieces. He used to come out every Sunday, but I don't know whether they were there, or he loaned them to someone else—we just didn't know where they went to.

The name Fetic's Exchange indicates that it was something other than just a bar, yet you've told me about nothing except the bar. What else was being sold out of Fetic's Exchange? Or was there anything else being sold out of it?

Not really. It was just like a saloon. My grandfather, although he was in the saloon business, did not drink. In 1933 he was very

ill, and after he got over that, the doctor told my grandmother that it would be a good idea if he had a little glass of wine before his meals. He said when he had to start drinking liquor to live, he'd just forget about it. As it was customary to buy the bartender a drink, he'd just say no and take a cigar. But I can't remember seeing my grandfather even smoke a cigar!

What did your grandfather do during Prohibition? How did he make a living?

He was all right; he'd made it. They had the election one day, and as soon as the news got out the Prohibition amendment had been passed—my uncle had the store, and Grandpa had the bar—Uncle Ed saw Grandpa with 2 buckets full of liquor, and he was walking down the street, headed for the river. He said, "Dad, where are you going with that?"

"Well," he said, "Prohibition passed. I have to get rid of this stuff."

My uncle said, "Well, you have 6 months to get rid of that!" (laughs) And Grandfather took it back!

After Prohibition he always had soft drinks in there. We'd go through and we'd ask him for a drink of something, and he'd go behind the bar and pour us out a glass of... usually Orange Crush he had. We'd stand up on the rail, you know, so we could see over the bar.

Grandpa was a good old man. Grandpa did a lot for people. Grandpa belonged to the Mason Lodge; he belonged to the Odd Fellows. I had his watch bob, and it was Lewis Chapter No. 1 of the Royal Arch in Carson City, and 1879 was the date on the back of it.

Once Prohibition struck, and he was no longer able to sell alcohol at the bar, did the clientele

of the bar change any or did the same men continue to return to gather just socially?

To gather socially, and they used to play solo. Every Sunday afternoon, all the men would gather. We'd usually come from the ranch up town, and the 2 Campbell men came up. They were Joe and James. The Campbells had Walley's in early time, and then they bought the Names ranch down at the end of Genoa.

They'd bring their family up, and the women would all go down to Lillie Finnegan's, and the men would go in there and play cards. Arnold Trimmer's father always played. There'd be quite a group of them. Sometimes they'd start in before lunch, and then they'd go home and eat lunch and go back and play.

The women gathered at Lillie Finnegan's?

Well, the Campbell women did—Mrs. Campbell and then Joe's wife. They finally had B children, I believe. One of the Campbell twins was my brother Neale's wife.

Grandpa used to go down and spend his day at the bar, and then he wouldn't go back till the evening. I can remember Grandma and Grandpa always had a casino game every night, and that'd get kind of heated sometimes! [laughs]

Did they have the casino game in the Exchange?

No, at the house.

In their own home?

Yes.

Tell me how that would work. I don't know anything about that.

Well, you deal the cards out 4 to each one and 4 on the table. And then you add....

I see, the game casino. Sure, I know the game. Would the public be invited in for the game?

No, it was just him and her. They'd just have a friendly game.

I would have to get to bed at 8:00. That was the time you went to bed. Grandpa always ate at 5:00, and everybody said that you could tell when it was 4:00 when you saw the smoke come out of my grandmother's chimney. We ate at 5:00. Then Grandpa usually used to go back down to the bar, and he'd come home about 8:00. Then they'd play cards until probably 9:00 or 10:00.⁵

Grandma got up by 4:00 or 5:00. And Grandpa, I don't think ever got out of bed until 8:00 because, I think in early times, he'd have as many as 4 bartenders; he would usually stay on the last shift or till closing time in the morning. Then he would sleep till 8:00 in the morning, and that was just his habit.

It sounds as if he led an interesting life. You say that he prospered, that he had enough money so that when Prohibition came he didn't have to worry. When did he decide to sell the Exchange?

He didn't. He owned it when he passed away in 1933, and I think my grandmother leased it in 1934. I don't remember when she sold it. I'd say maybe in 1942, she sold it.

Now you said that your uncle, Ed Fetic, owned the store as well. Can you tell me about that?

Yes. Grandpa bought it for my Uncle Ed.

Do you know about when he bought it?

My uncle was still a fairly young man. Mr. Flake, Ray Flake, and Uncle Ed had it together. Later Uncle Ed bought Flake out. That was before Aunt Jenny and Uncle Ed were married, and I think they were married in 1908, so he had it before that. They bought it from J. R. Johnson.

Which building is that in Genoa?

That's the last One. The bar's at one end of that block, and the Masonic building is the next.

What was the store called when your uncle owned it?

Just Fetic's, I guess.

What did he sell?

General merchandise. You could buy anything from women's shoes, yard goods, buttons, all kinds of food, chewing tobacco.... This thing that you sliced the chewing tobacco with is over in the museum. I know my dad took an idea that he [was] going to chew tobacco. I've seen him just run that through there and slice that down and cut off a plug of tobacco, and it would be about 3 inches square—Star Tobacco.

And they had cheese, and that would be a big round of cheese, and it would be under a glass dome. They'd just take that off and you said how big a piece you wanted, and he'd slice that off with a big knife and put it up on the scale and wrap it up in a piece of regular brown wrapping paper—the light weight kind. They used to carry codfish—you know, dried codfish? You'd tell him how much you wanted of that, and he'd slice off a piece of that; that was under a glass case.

The crackers came in big boxes. I still have a cracker box out here. You'd buy whatever you wanted, and they just put them in a bag and weighed them; you bought them by the pound. There was a big coffee mill, grinder, in the back. You just bought your coffee beans, and then they run them down through there and ground them. I don't know what they put them in; I can't remember—probably just a paper bag.⁶

Did they sell any kind of agricultural implements: tools, or any dry goods, things like clothes and hats and so forth?

Oh, yes, clothing and hats. They had ribbons, and they had a case where they carried a lot of the ribbons; I can remember seeing those in this case. They had hats. When my uncle went out of business there was a room in the back, and my aunt cleaned out back in there. There were old women's button shoes and some straw hats. I went to a party, and I needed a hat when T was small, and I had a little straw hat from in there. It [had] a little, round brim and little, tiny top.

When did your uncle go out of business?

In 1935.

Another victim of the Depression?

Yes, in those days people charged, and your bills could get the better of you.

He would allow people to just charge it every week, and then some of them defaulted?

And my grandmother would say, "You just can't do that. If people can't pay one week, this

week, then they get another week, they're not going to have it the next."

And he'd say, "They have little children, and they have to eat." So, he never would cut off anybody's credit.

Did he ever take anything in barter?

No, not that I know of.

What about your grandfather in the bar? Did he ever do any bartering?

I don't know that either. He may have. It used to be a custom years ago, you know, that people would put up maybe a ring or something, just like they do now. But I don't know of anything my grandfather had.

I don't mean pawning things. I was talking to a fellow who worked in the Minden Mercantile for quite a while, and he was telling me about how they would take eggs and barter.

Oh yes. I'm sure that the farmers brought in eggs, or things like that, and traded them for groceries. I'm sure we took eggs up there from the ranch in change for groceries.

Maybe you can tell us something about Hansen's Saloon.

Well, Hansen's Saloon was kind of a narrow, long building. It sat at the site where lone Fetic's home is now directly across from the fort—Mormon Station. It had a long porch across the front, and I didn't see in there at all.

About when was it closed?

I would say 1918, 1919.

Was it closed before Prohibition?

Just about that time. Mr. Hansen lived over in there; I'm sure that he passed away in that building.

Tell me what you remember about it?

It was closed for a long time. I know when we would go to school, it was always a lot of snow and awfully slushy right in there—I don't know if it was lower or not— but we'd walk up across the porch. There was steps going up one and down on the other end, and we'd go across that. We used to play on that porch a lot. There was 2 girls that lived above Walley's, where Van Sickle Station is now, and they drove an old horse and cart to school. The horse was kind of blind and she'd run that horse after us, and we'd have to run and get up on that porch for protection! I laughing]

How was Hansen's different from your grandfather's saloon?

I have no idea.⁷

Do you know if it had a different clientele?

Probably. It was always said that my grandfather had a gentleman's bar because if anyone came in with too much to drink, they didn't get served. [chuckles] If they were beginning to get too much to drink, it got cut off. He didn't stand for that. If anyone came in and they really, really needed money or needed help, they got it from my grandfather.

I can remember a man there; he milked cows down in Jacks Valley, and he married a girl in Genoa. Right after they were married his mother was ill. He wanted to go back to see her so bad, and he didn't have the money.

So it got newsed around that Charlie was trying to borrow money to go see his sick mother.

My grandmother didn't care for Charlie, so she said she'd say to my grandfather every day, "Well, I wonder if Charlie got the money to go see his mother yet." And Grandpa... well, he didn't know. One day Charlie and his wife took off for wherever they had to go, and Grandma said, "I just wonder who was fool enough to give Charlie the money to go see his mother!" Grandpa didn't say a word. She said, "I know who gave it to him—you did!" And Grandpa didn't say a word! [laughing]

What else do you remember about Hansen's Saloon? Do you remember any events that took place there?

All I can remember is just seeing people go in there, to gamble or to sit, I suppose, and to drink, play cards—they sat and played cards. But as I say, I never did see in the building. Then it was torn down. I think Mr. Hansen was kind of a real heavyset man, but I can't remember him either.

Well, there's another saloon that we talked about; that's the Pony Saloon that was located near Hobo Hot Springs.

Well, by the time I can remember, they'd just say, "Well, this was where the Pony Saloon sat."

Who would tell you that?

My grandmother. One time when we were going to Carson—my father and my grandmother and my mother and brothers—and they just said, "Well, that was where the Pony Saloon sat."

If you had to describe the location in relation to things that exist down there today, about where would it have been located? Was it near the Foothill Road, or was it off toward the center of the valley farther?

No, it was right along there. We used to go right down past there. Then you'd kind of come out to make that turn to go back into Stewart? The ground always looked very bare and like lots of alkali, and it was supposed to have sat right in there.

Is it on the right or left side of the road? Let's say you're heading toward Carson City.

Well, I don't know. I can't tell you that. You see, the road would be changed from time to time, to go around there; they'd grade it or do different things to it. But I know it always looked very barren right in that area of where they talked about it.

Now this is your Grandma Fetic who told you this? What did she tell you about the Pony Saloon? Did she tell you anything about it?

They just said it was there and that is was like a way stop. Then they said that Lucky Bill Thorington was hanged there.

Did she tell you when the saloon was torn down?

No. We didn't really ever discuss it.

I understand that there were some other buildings at Hobo Hot Springs. Can you recall them or anything that your grandparents may have told you about them?

They didn't tell me too much about that. I know that she said a doctor lived down there, and he made this oil out of sagebrush

and sold it. I think it was for rheumatism and aches of the joints. In Eilley Orrum's book she speaks about coming to Hawkins's at the hot springs. Now I don't know if that was at that hot springs—you know, the buildings, that that was the people's names that lived there or not. I didn't know too much about that.

Do you know what the name of the doctor was who was making the sagebrush oil?

I don't know it was Seaton....

We recently have gone out to the Park and Hansen's sawmill. Based on the photograph that you gave us and on some testimony we got from some other people, we were able to locate it. I'd like you to tell me what you can remember about the Park and Hansen sawmill or what was told to you. I believe you are indirectly related to the Parks, aren't you, in some way?

My husband.

Can you tell me that relationship?

My husband's mother and Mrs. Park were sisters.

So she would have been your husbands aunt.

Aunt, yes. And Vein Park, that was in the picture, would be Myron's cousin—my husbands cousin.

And he was a part owner of the sawmill?

Probably Dave Park would be the part owner.

I think that he probably was. Mr. Dressier has told me the same, that he thought that Dave Park was part owner.

I think Vein probably just worked there. This is the Allerman-Park sawmill, so it probably belonged to the Allermans. Martin Morrison was related to the Allermans, and he was quite mechanically inclined when it would come to building.

He's in that photograph, too?

Yes. I think Vein was there, and Myron's father was up on the hill with a team of horses. I think they tint cut lumber for whatever they'd need—you know, the buildings around the community. I don't know if they ever sold any lumber from there or not; I really don't know that.

Did your husband ever talk to you about the sawmill? If it were his cousins and uncles and so forth that were involved in it, he probably knew a good deal about it, didn't he?

Well, he did, but he really didn't talk that much about it.

Did he ever work in the sawmill himself?

I don't think so.

The Allerman ranch is down below it?

Yes.

That canyon runs not quite all the way down into the valley floor, I don't believe.

No, no.

But it runs pretty close to it, and the Allerman ranch is directly below it. What do you know the name of that canyon to be? What did you call it when you were young? On the map it's Taylor Canyon.

Yes, it is Taylor Canyon.⁸

I'm wondering whether it might have had another name, a local name that might have been applied to it.

I really didn't know too much about that end of the valley until after I was married, and then we just visited there because we didn't live there.

People didn't really visit. When I first remember going up to Mottsville, we used to go up for Christmas entertainments. I think that I was probably 9 or 10 years old.

I'd like to get back to the fact that it belonged to the Allermans to begin with. I hope we're not confusing one sawmill with another one. We were calling it the Park-Hansen or Hansen-Park sawmill, and of course, it's identified as such in the book [Carson Valley] that Miss Grace Dangberg wrote. So let's talk about the fact that you had it listed as the Allerman-Park sawmill, and you were able to identify some of the people in the photograph as being members of the Allerman family. And of course, it's right above the Allerman ranch, so there is some logic to that. If it were the Allerman-Park sawmill, would you know whether or not the Allermans may have sold out to The Hansens?

I would say I called it the Allerman-Park because years later the younger Allerman boys... I don't know if they brought some of that machinery down out of the hill, but they had had a little sawmill right below where that canyon takes off there.

Right where the canyon comes out into the valley?

Yes.

Let's get back to this question as to whether or not it was the Allerman-Park or the Hansen-Park sawmill.

I think it was probably the Hansen-Park. And then I have confused it with the Allerman boys having this other sawmill.

But you were able to identify some Allerman relatives in that photograph, you thought.

Yes.

What do you know about the Hansen connection, then? Who are the Hansens? What can you tell me about them?

[Will] Hansen was related to the Morrisons, but I don't know just how. I kind of think [his] mother was a Morrison. The [Will] Hansen that I know married Lizzie Park. Then they bought my grandmother Mott's place from my grandmother and aunt and uncle—my father's side. And then Fred Allerman's mother was a Morrison. Then this Martin Morrison was Allerman's uncle.

All right, so there are connections among all 3 families—the Parks, Hansens and Allermans.

Yes, yes.

Of course, Morrisons are heavily represented there, as well.

Yes, and Mrs. Morrison, Fred's mother, owned that ranch.

Fred Allerman's mother?

Yes. Fred Allerman used to live on the [McCue] ranch right as you go up Mottsville

Lane, the one that's right on the corner there, where you go in to the cemetery. He sold that and bought Mrs. Morrison's place and Mrs. Morrison moved to Carson.

You suggested earlier that the lumber that was being milled in that sawmill was not being sold commercially, but was being used to build structures on the ranches of the people who owned the mill. Did I understand that correctly?

Well, yes. They could have sold to their neighbors, like if the Joneses needed wood or lumber for something.

Yes. Did your husband tell you this? How do you know this?

I really don't know it for sure.

From the looks of both the photograph and of the remains that we found up in that canyon, it appears that this was quite a large sawmill and capable of producing a considerable amount of lumber.

Yes.

More than could have been used, I think, in most ranches.

Well, sure, it could have went to Carson; they could have taken it all over.

You also told me that in the 1930s you and your husband went up into that canyon and found the remains of the sawmill, and walked around and examined what was left of it. What can you recollect from that day that you spent up there in the 1930s that your husband may have told you about it? Did he talk about the owners of it?

No. I don't know, we just rode up in there. Now, what canyon did you go up in?

We drove up the Kingsbury Grade. We had to drive a little bit above the canyon; we had to drive past it. Then we could turn off to the left or to the west, and drive up a steep road that went up into the canyon. There's a gate across that road right now, and we had to get the key from the Allerman ranch before we went up. Then we had to drive a considerable distance up a very steep road that was probably in there as a logging road at one time. But we didn't enter it from down at the valley floor; we entered it from Kingsbury Grade. I hope we're talking about the same canyon.

It don't think we're talking about the same canyon.

All right. Well, we may have to talk to you about the other one because we may have 2 different sawmills here.

It's been so long ago that I really can't remember just what we did. Maybe we just went up in there to that old canyon. But it seemed like there was just kind of flat boards, like a platform thing, that was left of it.

We didn't find a platform, but we found a lot of other things. We're relatively sure—in fact, we're almost certain—that we found the same sawmill that's in the photograph. We matched up all kinds of things that make it appear to be precisely the [sawmill in the photograph.]

Then that isn't where we went.

Well, someday I hope to be able to get you to show me the other one.

I think where we went was just to that cabin, and I don't know whose cabin it was.

We'll forget about the Hansen-Park sawmill unless there's anything else that you can add to this.

No, that's probably all I know about it.⁹

Another thing that we had talked about is the large number of buildings that were moved around in the valley over time. I've never come across a place that had so many buildings moved as the Carson Valley seems to have had! [laughs] Can you describe the most important buildings that were moved and where they came from and so forth? For instance, the schoolhouse was moved, wasn't it?

In Genoa?

Yes.

I think the old schoolhouse building was torn down. The school, of course, all the books and everything, were moved down into the courthouse when the county seat was moved over to Minden in 1916. Then they had school there.

I do remember when I was about 5 years old going up to the old schoolhouse. My cousin was going to school up there, and we went to a picnic. The Morrison boys came with a cart, and they had the ice cream freezers in there. They went on down the hill, and everybody followed the ice cream cart up to Raycraft's orchard. They had the school picnic there. When I went to school the next year, of course, it was in the courthouse.

The Hansen Saloon was torn down, and from part of the lumber is the house that belonged to lone and John Fetic, and it's still standing there.

The other vacant spaces in there was all taken out by fire. I think the Rice Hotel and 2 little houses [were] destroyed by fire. There was a building, I think it was a barber shop on the right-hand side of the store. My father moved that down on the ranch to use it for a bunkhouse. You always hired men for the haying season, and they had a place to sleep; they usually had their bedrolls, and you had some kind of a bed for them to roll them out on.

I remember him bringing that down Genoa Lane, and he had it on trees. He had the front of it up into the back of a 4-horse wagon; and then these long streamers were trees, and they came down and they drug on the ground. But they supported the building, and that's the way he hauled it down, with the 4 horses. And that building was moved out of town. Then the Harris buildings—the old home was moved over here to Gardnerville, and also the store.

Where was the Harris family home?

They had it in Genoa. I don't know just exactly where that set. They had a home, and then their store. They had everything—general merchandise.

And both of these were moved? Store and home?

Yes.

Do you know about when?

No, I don't know that either.

You were alive by the time they were moved, though?

Yes. When I went to Genoa, there wasn't much left.

So where were the Harris buildings moved to?

To Gardnerville.

Do you know where? Do you know which ones they are?

The old store building is still there, across from the S & T Bar.

What's it called now?

There's a Coventry Cross goodwill store, I guess, in there. Then the art gallery is in the other side.

I know where that thing is, yes. Where did their house go?

Their house is over in Genoa on the Hollister ranch. Peggy de Runtz's home is in that.

I can think of at least one building that I know about that was reputed to have been located in Genoa before it was moved to Gardnerville, and that's part of Frank Yparraguirre's store. Do you know anything about that? He claimed that it came down from Virginia City to Genoa. What was it used as in Genoa when it was there, do you know?

No, it was gone before my time.

They must have moved from Genoa to the site on which it sits right now.

We bought shoes from Mr. Haugner, and they lived upstairs in that building. He did his shoemaking downstairs. It's just been the same all these years.

Are there any other prominent buildings that have been moved around that you can think of?

Well, some of them have been moved from their places and moved right in Genoa, like Mrs. Selby's home came from Virginia City and sat on the main street. The Milucks bought that, and they moved it farther up toward the hill. They've restored it.

There's some buildings over there now—I don't know if they were ever in Genoa and came to Gardnerville and went back—but there were 2 buildings that belonged to the Heidtmans, and the Milucks bought those, and they're moved back over into Genoa. Then there's one that belonged to the Parks, and they sold it to Bommarito. It's just up around the corner from the bar and it's his home.

From the Genoa Bar?

Yes. Just up around the corner. That was moved from Gardnerville. But whether they were moved from there over here, I really don't know.

The Raycraft Hotel finally became the property of Mrs. Dick Raycraft [Annie]. Then her boys bought it—Tom and Homer. They tore it down and built a home or cabins or something up at Lake Tahoe. I know that building up there.

The Raycraft Hotel went up to Lake Tahoe?

Yes. But it was torn down.

You mean dismantled and taken up?

Yes. Then the old Raycraft barn or livery stable was just torn down. I don't know what they did with that, but it was all dismantled.

This is just a small percentage of the buildings that have been moved around that I've heard about.¹⁰ Do you have any idea why there would

have been that kind of movement here in the Carson Valley?

Well, it probably would have been cheaper to move than to build. With the roads the way they were and not many bridges to cross, you didn't have all the lines to take care of, and it was probably much easier and it was more economical to move it.

Miss Dangberg, in her little brochure Along the Carson River Route suggests that the community of Genoa was almost defunct in the period prior to 1916—from 1881 to 1916—that there was no evidence other than the courthouse of there being a community existing there, an organized community. Yet apparently, there were several different concerns going. I know that you told me that your grandfather and your uncle owned a bar and a general store there in that period, and the general store was located there as early as the late 1890s. He bought it from Johnson then?

Yes.

And your grandfather had Fetic's Exchange and had owned that since when?

He said 1883.

It also was the Raycraft Hotel. Tell me the story about the Raycraft family...about the apples.

The Raycraft boys came to school, and one of them was in the first grade. They had a big,...we called them water-core apples, and we'd try to bribe them to get them to bring us water-core apples at noontime. When you'd bite into them, they were clear, just like they were full of water or had been cooked like a cooked apple.

Does any of that orchard still exist?

There might be a tree or 2 in the back. I think the Giovacchinis own that, and they still live in the little building that was connected onto the Raycraft Hotel. It was the butcher shop.

I can remember at Candy Dance time, there was 2 of the old Raycraft men that lived in there. We used to go up and clean it out and use the kitchen and the dining room for the midnight supper, they called it, for the Candy Dance. They didn't have big urns, then, that they can make a lot of coffee like they do [today]. My grandmother would have a big boiler of coffee going—she'd have one there and one in the bar and one up at her house and one down in the dance hall—and they'd have to keep those going. When one'd run out, then the men would pack another one, and then she'd start another one.

There used to be another house—I don't know what became of that—up on Mill Street. They said the Robinsons—they were a Negro family—lived up there. Until just recent years, the old chimney was still there. I can remember the house; some people by the name of Whites lived there when I lived with my grandmother and went to school. They used to raise a lovely garden. Genoa's soil really raises nice vegetables and produce.

Then right at the head of Mill Street was a little house, and that was the Snelling house.

The house doesn't exist any more?

No. I think it was torn down. A little farther back against the hill there's a new home there.

Tell me about this Robinson family. It's rare to find a black family in the Carson Valley at that time. What do you know about them?

I believe they first lived down on that little island between the 2 bridges going up to Genoa Lane. There's a little island there. We always called that the Robinson field.

When my dad would tell me to get the cows or he was going to do something, he'd always say "in the Robinson field." And that was up a ways. I think they moved from there up to Genoa, and my grandmother said that she used to get her to babysit my dad and the kids when they were little.

She would get Mrs. Robinson...?

Yes. Mary Robinson.

What was Mr. Robinson's name?

I don't know. I really didn't ever hear her say much about Mr. Robinson, whether he died before or early time or just what. But I know she used to come over and babysit them. She said my father was little, and he wouldn't notice that her face was black. But when he'd sit and hold her hands he'd say, "Mary, why don't you take your gloves off!" [laughs] He wouldn't notice her face, but he'd notice her hands were different than his.

Do you know where the family came from?

No, I don't. They may have come in with a family, because the Palmers [also known as the Farmers] were Negro.

And what do you know about them? Is this the family that owned the big barn that's down here?

Ben Palmer, yes. They said that he had hounds; he was from the South. He always had a pack of hounds, and they had very

fine horses. My husband's mother and my grandma, too, told me that the girls always had lovely velvet riding habits, and their buttons were gold pieces. And these horses were just beautiful.

Now the Palmer family had a ranch, didn't they?

Yes. There was Palmers and there was Churches, too. There was Claricy Church [Ben Palmer's niece] and she was a Palmer. I know Claricy was one of the ones they talked about. The other girl's name was Betsy Palmer. Myron's mother said that when they would be going by there to go to Sheridan—along the front of people's houses— they would always come out and meet you and talk to you and most of the time invite you in. Then there was a family of Barbers, and I think they were Negro, too.

Where did they live?

Just below the Palmers. They were just right there together. One of them was the Indian Road ranch, and I think one is the Roy Crowell ranch. One was Palmer and [one was Barber]

Do you know if their ranches were as large as those of their white neighbors, or were there any differences or similarities that are worth telling me about?

I think they were about the same.

Would they attend the same social events as the white people in Genoa or Minden or Gardnerville?

Well, they were in Mottsville area. I suppose that they did, because they were

accepted. They used to go in, you know, and visit them.

What about the Robinson family? You said that they had lived on some land that eventually became part of your father's ranch. Was he a rancher, too—Mr. Robinson?

Well, it wasn't too large, but they raised produce and had a few cows and pasture.

I'd like to talk about the Washo Indians here in the valley, and particularly Washos that may have been living near Genoa or Mottsville. Your father was a rancher, and you mentioned that he had a bunkhouse. Did he employ any Washo Indians at any time?

Yes. He used to go down and get the Indian boys' from the Stewart school in the summertime and bring them out, and they'd work during the summer. I know 2 summers a boy came from there; his father was the instructor down there. He was a white boy, and he would work with the Indian boys. But they were all pretty good; they were really pretty good workers. Once in a while, they'd get kind of funny. One time... I always drove derrick for my dad when I was old enough, and my dad would stack. They [the boys] took the wagons out in the field, and they didn't come back when they should have had the wagons loaded and back up to the stack yard. So my dad got up on the stack and looked down. They had driven the wagon down into a ditch, and they were all up on top of the wagon dancing! [laughs] When they finally did come up, he really straightened them out; they either did or they went back to school.

Do you remember the names of any of the Washos who would work on your ranch?

No.

Did your father ever employ adult Washos? Or was it just juveniles from Stewart?

That's all.

Where would they live when they were working for your father?

They'd sleep in the bunkhouse and eat in the house.

Just the same as any non-Indian ranch hands?

Right. They would take them down there, and they lived right there. They used to pick up the children—school age—and they would go to Stewart, and they'd stay the whole school year. Maybe they'd let them go home at Christmas, but then they'd have to go back.

A lot of people got the young girls in the summertime, and they would work for them and do housework or help with the children. I know when the twin Campbell girls were born, they had an Indian girl from down there. Up at Walley's Hot Springs, my cousin had an Indian girl from down there one year, and she worked up there all summer. They'd teach them because they would have to take care of their rooms and everything at the school, and they had to learn. So they were all clean. Sometimes in the early times, my mother used to get one. She had 2 children, and she'd bring them and would do the washing for my mother.

Do you know what her name was?

No... I don't. I shouldn't say this, but I look at the Indians, and it's hard for me to keep track of their names because they all look the

same to me. [Chuckles] My grandmother had a thing about them.

What do you mean, a thing about them?

Well, they were just Injuns, and we just didn't have anything to do with them. [laughs]

Oh, she didn't have a high regard for them?

No, no. She had a very low regard for them. We had a boy that got into some trouble at the school.

This was an Indian boy?

Yes. The Hawkinses lived at the Kinsey place in Genoa. Mr. Hawkins brought him out there, and he went to school. He was in the eighth grade, and I was in the seventh. There was other girls and other boys, and we all went to the little community dances. This is when my grandmother and my grandfather had gone to the East. We used to dance with him, and he was always dressed up and clean and he could dance. We played with him at school—played tall and everything—so, this was fine. My grandmother came home, and we went to the little community dance this time and I was dancing with him. My grandmother said, "You get off the floor." And that finished that. She came in, we had a little dressing room, and I went in there and she said, "You don't dance with any Injuns!" [laughs] I was so embarrassed, and I felt so sorry for the boy. But that was just her.

What was the boy's name?

Donald Ridley. He just died here a while back. His half sister was Winona Kyser.

He was really an athlete. When Genoa school would take part with Gardnerville and Minden, he won all the races and everything.

Did you keep track of him after he left Genoa?

I saw him once or twice. I think he married and lived in Carson. I didn't know him; he saw me one time, and he came and asked me if I wasn't Beatrice Fetic. I said yes and he said, "Do you remember me?"

I said, "Well, kind of." And when he told me who he was, I did.

Do you know what became of him? Do you know what he did for a living?

NO. As I say, I just saw him that once. And then I think he came out when I was at the museum a couple of years ago. I'm not sure, but I think he passed away.

I believe there was at least one Washo family that lived to the south of Genoa, is that correct? I believe the Wyatt family, as a matter of fact, lived down in there.

The Wyatt family, yes.

Can you tell me what you know about them? I'd like you to tell me where they lived exactly.

They lived just where that gravel pit is now. They had a house up there.

Was right where the gravel pit is now?

Yes, just kind of up on that hill.

Whatever was there has all been taken away at the gravel pit.

Yes, the house has been gone for years. I don't know just when they moved there, but I remember someone died up there. My grandmother and I used to walk out to Hawkins s. It belonged to the Dakes and then the Hawkinses bought it. We used to go out there every night for milk. Well, some member of the family had passed away.

Some member of the Wyatt family?

Yes. They were doing that mourning or whatever they do. All night long that went on. Then they used to bury everything that belonged to them in the grave with them; all their belongings went in. And usually they used to cross a stream, but in that instance I'm sure they didn't.

What do you mean cross the stream?

They'd move from there over on the other side of water.

Moved away from the house in which someone had died?

Yes. But I don't think they did. I'm sure they were there after, because my father bought that little horse that you have the picture of.

That little pony that you...?

Yes. When we got it home and got it fed you couldn't do anything with it; it was just a good old Fine Nut mustang! [laughs]

He bought that from the Wyatts?

Yes. Billy Wyatt used to drive that little buckskin and the little black in a wagon. I

remember him coming into Genoa to buy his groceries; he drove them.

Now that was the father of the family—Billy Wyatt?

Yes.

Do you know what the woman's name was?

No.

Do you know what Mr. Wyatt would have done for a living?

Probably worked on the ranches. I know Dresslers hired lots of Indians. Well, I think most everybody around in the valley that had a lot of cattle to feed [hired Indians] - See, we just had a dairy ranch and hay and grain so really all my father needed was maybe a milker in the winter and then hay hands in the summer. That place was around 375 acres; it wasn't too large a place.

What was your grandfather's policy about serving Washos?

They didn't go to the bar. They weren't allowed in the bars here until just the last few years.

It was against the law?

Yes, and it was against the law to give them liquor. But there were plenty of men that they'd give them money, and they'd go in and buy them liquor and take it out and give it to them. It wasn't very good for them if the sheriff caught them. [chuckles] The Indians couldn't handle it. They'd just really go wild when they'd drink, because it was either they

didn't have it, or their makeup didn't handle it. Evidently, it was because they got it, and then they had to drink it to get rid of it before they would get caught with it.

Are there any places in Genoa where Washo Indians would gather socially?

NO.

What about Mottsville or Sheridan?

At Mottsville there were some lived up in back of.. well, it's Bacon's place now; it used to be the old Van Sickle place. There was some behind my husband's folks up in the brush; they had a tepee. Then as you went up towards Sheridan there was more. And then out around Centerville there was a lot of them there on the river.

I'm told that groups of Washo—Washo men in particular—would often come into Gardnerville, particularly on weekends, and would get together in big groups back behind the Krummes blacksmith shop and things like that.

Oh, yes.

Was there any kind of gathering place like that for Indians in any of the other outlying communities—in Genoa or Mottsville or Sheridan or places like that?

Not that I know of. There could've been, but I'm sure there wasn't in Genoa. Genoa had Chinese people.

Tell me about that.

At the time my father tells about them, they lived down in the old Mormon Station.

That would have been about what time?

Probably around in the 1880s.

Up in the 1890s, too?

Yes, maybe to then.

There was a family that lived in the station, you say?

There were Chinese people there.

Did your father tell you anything about them?

Yes. He said that they used to have to pack their water from the trough at the bar, over to where they lived. He said they'd have a long pole on their shoulders and a can on each end with the water. They would hide, and then as soon as they'd get those cans filled up and start for home they'd rock them. They'd drop their cans; they'd run home; then they'd watch them till they could finally get their cans, and then they'd leave them alone. [laughs] My father said they'd tease them.

You say they "rocked" them; do you mean throw stones at them?

Yes, throw stones at them. My father must have been pretty good size then, but he said they were teasing them and they chased them around the block. They were right after them, and he said when he come to the gate the first time he couldn't get in, so he had to outrun them around again! [laughs]

The Chinese were chasing your father?

Yes. The Dakes used to always be into some kind of mischief along with them. But

Grandpa probably didn't know that, or that wouldn't have been very good for Father.

What was the Chinese family doing? How were they making a living?

I imagine they worked in the hotels.¹¹

Was that the only Chinese family that lived in Genoa?

I think there was probably more than one family.

So it was a group of Chinese—several families, then?

Yes, I would say a group.

Were there any left by the time you were old enough to...?

No, there was nothing. The cabin was gone; the fire had taken the cabin in 1910. All of that was burned out when I could remember it.¹²

What about any Basque families? Were there any of them living in Genoa?

No. There was Italian.

Who was that?

The Giardellis and the Canonica family. There was 2 families.

The Giardelli family lived at the foot of Kingsbury Grade. No, the Falckes lived at the Kingsbury Grade. They ran the flour mill there, and I think they took care of the toll road for some years. Hope and Carl Falcke live there in the old home place. His mother was

born there, and she died there just a few years ago at the age of 97, I think. I don't know just what they did for a living. I know her brothers were carpenters—Charlie and John.

There were some Washo Indian petroglyphs—rock carvings—that were reputed to exist just to the south of Genoa before you get to the Kingsbury Grade down there. I don't know quite how far to the south. Do you know anything about them? Did you ever hear about them when you were a kid?

I've never seen them, but I heard someone talking about them not long ago. They either wanted to go see them, or they had been there.

Did you hear about them when you were a child?

No, I didn't.

Is there anything else that you think ought to be discussed before we end the interview?

When I lived in Genoa, the people were all like one big family. We used to have entertainments at the school, and they used to have dances. As I was in the sixth, seventh and eighth grade and growing up, we'd have a little dance in the Raycraft Hall. In later years, we used to go up and dance in the Mottsville schoolhouse. It would just be between the communities, and everyone went—older people and younger. If the little kids went to sleep, they'd just put them in the cloak room. Everyone took cake and sandwiches, and at midnight we'd put coffee on. Dances would go till maybe 2:00 in the morning! [laughs]

I understand they used to have a lot of housewarming parties and things like that, too.

Yes, housewarming, Shivarees....

What's a shivaree?

That's when somebody would get married. They'd have a big party maybe over at the hall and dance, or go to somebody's house and just have a regular house party.

Is there any one event like that, that stands out in your mind above all others? Any single social event that you attended that just beat them all hands down?

I think our Candy Dances were social events that we really enjoyed. Everybody got in and worked and made candy. When it was a small dance, we used to always make something; we'd have a grab bag, and the dancers would go around and grab. One year, I remember we made like a cap for everybody to wear. There was a little doll head and the arms up in the top of it; it was just like a little doll that sat on top of the head. We made those, and we used to make a lot of candy.

Everybody got out and sold tickets. My girlfriend and I used to take Lillie Finnegan—she was the originator of the dance—and my grandmother, and we'd go up the valley and stop at every place and try to sell them a ticket. We'd try to get enough money to pay for the hams and that, and then all the rest of the food was donated like the salads and the cakes and that.

Did you ever talk to Lillie Finnegan about how she came to organize the Candy Dances?

Yes. She's been on a trip on a boat, and they had a dance and they passed candy around. They needed money to have some

streetlights put in Genoa, and she just thought that'd be a fine idea that we would do that and raise money. And that's the way they raised [money] for the streetlights in Genoa for a long time. At first they got 3 lights up the middle of town; then they finally got one out each end, and then they put a couple up on the side street and one down the lane as time went along. They still have them [Candy Dances]; they don't support the lights because they're on the taxes now, but it does take care of what work the people in Genoa have to do on the streets and upkeep of the buildings—their social hall and things like that.

Is there a written history of the Candy Dance anywhere? I've never seen any such thing.

I think in that book, Genoa, there's a little bit in there about the Candy Dance. There has been things come out in the Record-Courier from time to time about it.

I don't know when they were originated. Do you know the year?

I don't know the exact year. The first one I can remember, I could've been 10 or 12 years old because I know we went over and cleaned out this old hotel. Everyone donated tablecloths to go on the tables, and they were all really set up in the old dining room. It would be valley people, so probably a couple of hundred would be a crowd; maybe there wouldn't be any more than that. When they'd get ready for their supper, they usually would announce it about 11:00 and people would start going across. I think we had it in around October or November. They'd have to line up through this old bar that was in the hotel.

Still the Raycraft Hotel?

Yes. They'd line up in there and then they'd open the door and let so many in, and then shut it. Once you opened that door, it was something to get it shut again. When those people would eat, they'd let them out through the kitchen, and then let so many more in.

You'd have to clean that all up, take the plates off, and the plates were all washed. This is where usually they had an Indian lady that washed up the dishes. In later years there were some Indian people and the kids went to school, and they lived north of Genoa in the house near the Selby house down there.

Is that house still standing?

Yes, I think it's been remodeled. It belonged to some white people, and they bought it. But it was late enough in years that they lived just like the white people.

Then that would go on. Maybe you'd feed your last people around 4:00 in the morning and get cleaned up. I remember once—this must have been in about 1933—We went up to clean the hail. I think by then we'd moved from the Raycraft's dining room down into the old drugstore building. Of course, that's burned down since. We came out and we saw this bench tipped upside down out in the middle of the street, and went and looked in. [laughs] There was a fellow laying underneath it, and he had the bench on top of him. I guess he was sleeping off his celebration.

Have things changed significantly over the years with the Candy Dance?

Yes. We always made candy, and then we sold it inside the hall. I have a picture of myself selling candy to Chuck Manley when he was

running for commissioner that year. They always just fixed a little corner, and then they bagged the candy, and they sold a lot. Then while people were dancing, the younger girls went around through the crowd when they'd stop for an intermission and pass candy out, and they ate all they wanted. Then they put it on the tables.

We used to always buy the hams, and you would have to go that day and slice them all. Just certain people could slice them; my grandmother did the slicing because they had to be sliced just so. Then they took all the trimmings, and that was ground, and they made sandwich filling. I don't know how many loaves of bread they used to make into sandwiches. And they bought chickens, and made chicken sandwiches. Then they had potato-salad and macaroni salad and usually sliced tomatoes and pickles and olives and sometimes they'd have cottage cheese on the table. Everyone sat down and ate. When they left it was cleaned up, and they let so many more in.

After the store closed, then they used to have it in the Masonic building. People would be lined up way down the street, waiting to get in there to eat. That was the same; it would go till real late.

But now they make their candy, and they save some to sell in the hall or sell there. But they have a booth out the day before down in the park; they have a regular fair. People buy booths to sell their wares from, and they have a candy booth and they sell the candy from there. So a lot of times, by night, there is not much candy.

So it has changed a good deal, then?

Oh, yes. Then they did buffet style. You just went in and went by, and went and found

a place to sit down. And from the sandwiches they went to just having a roll; they haven't made sandwiches for years.

Well, that's very interesting.

There's been quite a change.

It still brings in a lot of money, though, and it's still a big event.

Yes, it does.¹³

NOTES

Given the opportunity to review this transcript Mrs. Jones chose to include the following information:

1. My grandmother Greer lived with my parents 2 or 3 years before she passed away in April 1927. Granny was happy with her last days. She was buried in City Cemetery, Sacramento beside my grandfather Greer.

2. Israel Mott was killed in an accident in 1863. In 1864, Eliza Mott married her neighbor A. M. Taylor.

3. My grandparents' [Fettic] home had been the first office of the printing press. The marks where the press was bolted are still in the floor.

4. I have many fond memories of holiday dinners with all family members present. Eighteen growing to 35—Christmas Eve at Aunt Jennie and Uncle Ed's next door with neighborhood children invited and presents for all. Frank Walker played Santa wearing his

fur coat and bells he used when he hauled mail from Minden to Genoa. Uncle Ed appeared later from the store with presents wrapped in brown paper and tied with white store string.

5. Grandfather Fettic always had a cup of milk with a slice of plain white cake every night before he retired. He walked back and forth in the kitchen as he ate it.

6. Sugar and flour were also sold by the pound and put in a paper bag. Kerosene was sold by the 5 gallon can or measured out in a kerosene container.

7. Fettic's Exchange and Hansen's were called saloons but were not like the "Saloon of Dodge City." Gambling, pool, and drinking at the bar were the vices, so bar would probably be a better word.

8. Taylor Canyon could have been named for A. M. Taylor, Mrs. Israel Mott's second husband. My father told me he spent most of his time hunting and fishing. I have been

told Taylor Creek on South Lake Tahoe was named for him.

9. I remember the Campbell sawmill on Sawmill Flat going up the old Kingsbury Grade. There was also a shingle mill. My father told me about that. He drove a wagon team to deliver the shingles. His cousin's husband ran the mill then.

10. North of the old Hawkins place was a small building. It was the Dake Undertaking Parlor. I always shuddered a little when Grandma and I walked past on a dark night going home from getting milk at Hawkins's. It has been gone for some time.

I remember the old Daudel home—Mr. Daudel was a bookmaker. Mrs. Daudel had a parrot which was well known. I remember it and the old people. Mr. Daudel passed away. Mrs. Daudel moved to live with her daughter. The Youngs next door bought and dismantled the house and made a nice side yard of the property.

The old Virgin barn stood on property of the old Country Bar. It was purchased by Bill Juchtzter and moved on the back street. It is now the home of Elva and Bill Juchtzter.

On Mill Street Ron Bommarito moved the old Jeperson home from Gardnerville. It was built in Gardnerville as were the 2 Heidtman homes. There was a large barn in front of the Pink House where the building stands housing the post office. This building came from Carson City—Dick's Bar.

The Champagne house was built on the corner of Genoa Lane and Main Street after fire destroyed the [Mormon] Fort and log cabin. In 1947-48 it was moved down the lane to its present site west of the first bridge. It was the home of Henry Cordes. The old Stone brewery was built onto it and is now owned by Crystal Ferry on Main Street.

Across the street from the Courthouse Museum, my father bought the Jepsen property. It had the Western Union office at one time. When it was torn down quite a few coins were found under the floor.

The old drugstore between the post office and bar was burned down in 1941. My aunt and uncle had moved the post office from the Rock building. All post office things were saved.

11. Chinese people were imported by Reese to work on the water ditches in Genoa and whatever work they could do in place of horses as cheap labor.

12. My grandmother told me the little Poirier girl was delivering milk to Chinatown on Chinese New Year. Her clothes caught fire from the fireworks. She died from the burns. The Poiriers lived in the oldest house in Genoa. After being sold several times it burned down around 1954.

13. Growing up in Genoa was a happy time—school, parties, dances, family get-togethers, skiing parties, skating on Long Pond, most of all the love of my family—memories I will always cherish.

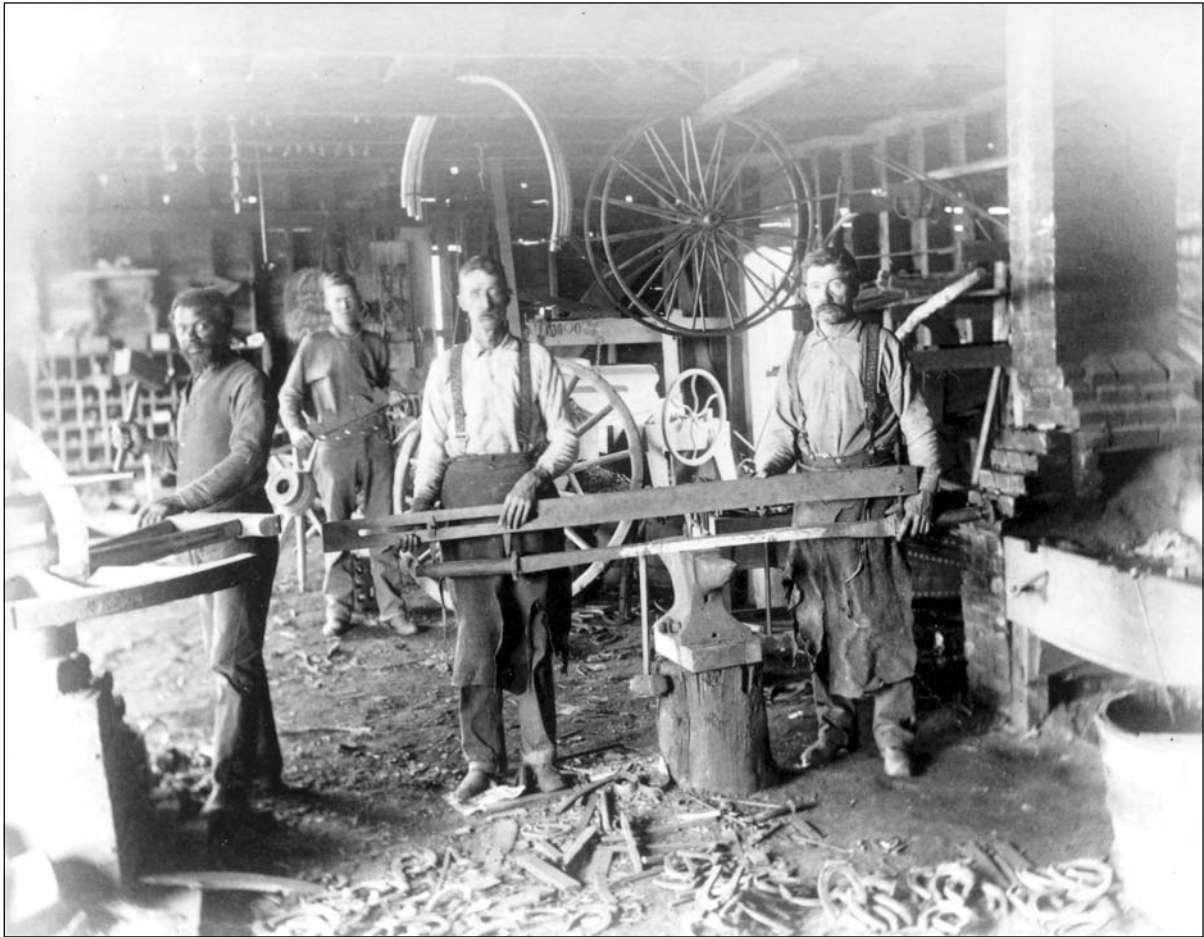
PHOTOGRAPHS



The Hansen and Park Sawmill, ca. 1907. This sawmill operated from Taylor Canyon, above Carson Valley, from 1907 through 1909.



Israel Jones, his wife, Mary, and 3 children: back left, Lester;
back right, Myron; and Roy in the center. (date unknown)



Interior of the Brockliss blacksmith shop in Sheridan, ca. 1890.

Photographs courtesy of Special Collections, University of Nevada, Reno Library:
Beatrice Jones collection.

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